

Ladies' LITERARY Museum



"Requiring, with various taste, things widely different from each other."

Adventures of a Night.

A ROMANCE. (Continued.)

be as unlucky as Peter Maserini! Like me he ascended alone a large flight of stairs which led to the western tower; and, strange as it may appear, was never seen again.¹ Suppose, father, I should never be seen again!' 'Be composed,' replied the phlegmatic friar, 'I promise that you shall have nothing to fear from any human beings, and that you shall to-morrow descend these stairs in perfect safety: we must turn our romance into a 'fragment,' unless you go on.' So saying, the monk continued his path. Mr. Dob listened to his footsteps as they grew fainter and fainter, till the melancholy stillness of night alone remained.² His fear redoubled on finding himself alone; he could not summon resolution to follow the directions which had been given him; he looked around, he called the monk, and became still more alarmed on hearing nothing but the echo of his cries. He was still in this state of uncertainty and agitation, when the same voice, which he had heard on his first entrance into the vestibule, addressed him in the following words, and in a tone more terrific than ever: 'Proceed! or prepare to die!' At the same moment a dreadful clap of thunder resounded thro' the vaulted roof, the iron grate was shaken, and the glass in the windows rattled with a 'prolonged' vibration. Alarmed at the menace which accompanied these terrible sounds, Mr. Dob summoned all his courage and began to ascend: 'It is an odd circumstance,' muttered he, 'that the thunder should always be so well agreed with people, whose business is to torment unhappy wretches like me, who am forced into adventures!' Our trembling hero endeavored to prevent his eyes from dwelling on any particular object; for every where he expected to meet fresh subjects of alarm. The walls were lined with maps of geography and genealogical trees, in which the name of the cheva-

lier de Germeuil appeared in flame-colored letters to distinguish it from the rest. 'What a waste of blood!' said Mr. Dob: 'in reading an English romance one might fancy one-self in the field of battle.' His attention was soon attracted by several lamps hanging at equal distances; at times they sunk in the sockets, as if expiring, then suddenly darted upwards in quivering rays. 'It seems to me,' said he, 'that the people employed to light old castles, are either great cheats or very ill paid; for during my whole perusal of 'Radclifferies,' I have never met with one lamp which gave even a decently good light.' Mr. Dob was not so entirely occupied by these passing ideas as to be unmindful of another, which he considered as very important. After ascending a certain number of steps, he stopped so suddenly, that to any observer it might have been apparent that he meditated some great idea. He cast a glance behind him as if to reckon the number of steps which he had already past; and when he had ascertained the point he wished, he began calling the friar with all his might. For some minutes his cries were unheard; but soon the monk appeared at the head of the stairs. 'Am I to proceed,' said Mr. Dob anxiously. 'How!' replied the monk, 'why, I thought at least that you were by this time in the tower: why are you there?' 'Father—father—father—don't you know I am come to the sixteenth!' 'The sixteenth! what is it you mean?' 'What! have you quite forgotten all that happened to poor Ferdinand, when he reached the sixteenth step of the staircase which led to the south towers: 'the stones of a step, which his foot had just quitted, loosened by his weight, gave way, and dragging with them those adjoining, formed a chasm in the staircase, and he was left tottering on the suspended half of the steps, in momentary expectation of falling to the bottom, which was very awkward, as he had a sword in one hand, and a lamp in the other, which did not fail to 'slip from his hand, and leave him in total

darkness;' so that the unlucky fellow was obliged to remain in this situation till light should dawn: 3 and all this time 'he heard voices from below,' and 'his agitation was extreme; for he had no power of defending himself.' 4 So you see, if unfortunately — 'There is some reason in your fear: but I can assure you that the staircase is strong, and in good repair, altho it is an old castle: I advise you to go on, and fear nothing;' so saying, the monk departed. At length arrived at the top of the stairs, Mr. Dob found himself in a sort of spacious anti-chamber. 'It was entirely hung with black, and, from every appearance, had contained a corpse that had lain there in state at a former period. Several bits of tapers were still standing in black glasses; and in the middle stood bearers for the purpose of supporting a coffin, but there was now only the remains of a large plume of black feathers.' 5 Near these bearers stood a state bed of black velvet, embroidered in silver: it was surrounded by large candelabras, in which were lighted torches: the floor was strewn with branches of cypress, and various odoriferous herbs, quite dried up. Some lustres enveloped in crape hung from the roof, and around were suspended, in different parts of the apartment, escutcheons in embroidery. A figure, pale and livid, lay extended on the bed; in its hands, which were joined and fixed on its breast, was a crucifix. The winding sheet was stained with blood: in a word, it was again the apparition of the chevalier de Germeuil. Mr. Dob uttering a cry of terror, endeavored to return by the stairs; but he proceeded no further than two or three steps, when he was stopped by an iron grate, which he had not perceived in ascending, and which having closed after him, precluded all possibility of escape. It was in vain that he exerted all his strength. 'Ah!' said he, 'this grating too is constructed after the same fashion as the door of that dungeon in which Ferdinand found himself shut up; so stay here I must!' As he uttered these words, he heard a noise as of heavy steps, accompanied by the clash of arms, and the buzz of voices. 'Without doubt,' said he, 'they are changing the guard; or, peradventure, 'the signor and all the other signors are fighting,' because Montoni would have swallowed a glass of poison, if he had not always made use of a tumbler of 'that sort of Venice glass, which had the quality of breaking on receiving poisoned liquor.' 6 Now, as 'signors' are never very well behaved, especially when they are in their cups, and that they are squabbling without knowing themselves what about, I think I had better get out of their way by going up again; especially as spectres and skeletons (not excepting the bleeding nun) were never known to kill any body — to be sure she did not use poor Raymond de las Cisternas very well in their journey from Rosenwald to Ratisbon; for, after 'thick clouds had ob-

scured the sky, the winds howled around him, the lightning flashing, and the thunder roaring tremendously, a loud crash announced that a stop was put to his progress in the most disagreeable manner; the carriage was shattered to pieces. In falling he struck his temple against a flint; the pain of the wound, and the violence of the shock, overpowered him so completely, that his senses forsook him, and he lay without animation on the ground. 7 To be sure, he could expect no better after he had been saying tender things to his amiable apparition; for when once a man makes love to a woman, alive or dead, it is giving her a great deal of power over him.'

CHAP. IX.

On Mr. Dob's return to the anti-chamber, to his no small surprise, he found the state bed empty; the phantom had disappeared. 'This is strange enough,' said he, 'this figure has taken no more time to vanish than did those which appeared to Alfred, Matilda, Agnes, and Leonard, in that room where every thing bespoke that a corpse had been laid in state. If he would have left me, as the other did, 'a marble hand holding a silver chain, at the end of which was a bloody key,' 8 I might amuse myself like Matilda, in looking over the cabinets, which I must expect to meet with in these apartments.' More expeditious than most heroes, Mr. Dob continued his reflections and his footsteps together, and now found himself stopped by a curtain of exquisite manufacture, which served as a separation to the apartments. This curtain he raised, and entered a saloon, the furniture of which formed a strong contrast to that of the anti-chamber. 'He here stood for a moment, surveying the relicks of faded grandeur which it exhibited. The sumptuous tapestry, the long and low sophas of velvet, with frames heavily carved and gilded, the floor inlaid with squares of fine marble, and covered in the centre with a piece of very rich tapestry-work, the casements of painted glass, and the large venetian mirrors reflected on every side the spacious apartment; 9 'from the centre of the ceiling, which exhibited a scene from the Armida of Tasso, descended a silver lamp of Etruscan form: busts of Horace, Ovid, Anacreon, Tibullus and Petronius Arbiter, adorned the recesses.' 10 Two or three card tables, scattered about the room, were still covered with cards and counters; the chairs even remained around them. Fronting the door was a niche adorned with ornaments of gold and sculpture. A drapery of exquisite workmanship was in the front; curtains of rose-colored taffety, falling gracefully, were fastened up on each side by silver tassels. For some minutes Mr. Dob continued to contemplate the different parts of the saloon, when neither seeing nor hearing any thing alarming, he seated himself in one of the magnificent arm-chairs, by which he was surrounded. 1

very much doubt,' said he, settling himself very comfortably, 'whether any of the arm-chairs I have met with in romances, are at all equal to this; not excepting the arm-chair of iron, which Emily found in the chamber over the portal; 11 nor the heavy arm-chair, ornamented with gold, which Henri thought so like those of the Louvre, about which, the count his father promises a story, which he never tells; 12 nor the broken arm-chair, which Adeline found in the deserted apartments of the abbey of St. Clair; 13 nor even the leathern arm-chair, in which poor cousin Bidderman was nailed by the gout three parts of a year: 14 Mr. Dob might have carried on his dissertation upon arm-chairs, to a much greater length, but luckily for those who are no amateurs of dissertations, he perceived near him a table of cedar wood, on which lay some books, which immediately engaged all his attention. 'Now,' said he, 'there is a parcel of books which are a complete *take in!* A poor devil of a fellow, who, like me, is condemned to spend the night in expectation of spectres, and adventures, opens a book, thinking to find it a resource against fear; not at all; there he meets with stories, which only serve to frighten him still more; such, for instance, as the 'provençal tale,' which Dorothea lent to Ludovico, and which he read after trimming his lamp; 15 or the volume of 'Spanish ballads,' which Antonio found in Elviri's book-case, and which she read, after having also 'snuffed her taper.' 16 As for me,' continued he, 'I have declared most solemnly, that I will not look into one of them; no, not even into the 'manuscript,' which Celestina went to seek at midnight in the library, and where she found, as she might have expected, a story and engravings so terrible, as to make her 'forgetful of her lamp, rush out at the door, and run through several apartments in the dark.' 17 In order to avoid the temptation which these books offered him, (and of which we cannot blame him for entertaining some suspicions) he turned his eyes towards the recess, and remarked with admiration, the beauty of its decorations. From beneath the curtains, which fell nearly to the ground, he perceived the corners of a carpet, which seemed of costly materials; this excited in Mr. Dob, an anxious desire to know for what use this elegant recess could have been destined. 'If I was any where else, (said he) I should instantly pull up that curtain; I should be sure of finding the something kept with so much care, to be very exquisite; but in a south-west tower, there

(To be continued.)

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| 1. Grassville Abbey. | 10. Rom. of the Forest. |
| 2. Mys. Udol. | 11, 12. Udolpho. |
| 3, 4. Sicilian Romance. | 13. Rom. Forest. |
| 5. Grassv. Abbey. | 14. Celestine. |
| 6. Udolpho. | 15. Udolpho. |
| 7. The Monk. | 16. Monk. |
| 8, 9. G. Abbey. | 17. Celestine. |

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1818.

The editor is at length enabled to announce the publication of his "Poems," (too long delayed by circumstances well known to his liberal patrons;) and confidently trusts to the generosity of an American Public for such remuneration as their merits may entitle him to expect. It is earnestly hoped, however, that none will construe his object, by thus placing them in the hands of the Public, to be the pursuit of *FAME!* Nothing but a hope to better his condition, by relieving himself from honorable debts, has induced him to put his little volume to press, and trust to public opinion for a return of the expense he has necessarily incurred. Silly indeed, must that writer be, who expects to obtain even "*a nine day's*" popularity, by the genius of a sonneteer! From any such expectations, therefore, he hopes he will be readily exonerated.—"*Ex necessitate rei.*"

THIS DAY

Is published, and for sale by the Editor,

No. 164, South Eleventh Street,

THE
LYRE OF LOVE
AND
HARP OF SORROW.
BY HENRY C. LEWIS.

Price 75 cts. *fine*.—50 cts. *coarse*.

MARRIED, in this city, at Friends' meeting, William Thomas to Atlantic Matlack.

By the rev. J. P. Wilson, on Tuesday, 17th ult. David Correy, esq. to Miss Margaretta Smith, eldest daughter of J. Smith, esq. cashier of the U. S. Bank.

On the 26th ult. Mr. Nicholas Kohl to Miss Martha Michener.

At Friends' meeting, Shrewsbury, New Jersey, Dobel Baker, of this city, to Mary Corlies.

At Georgetown, D. C. Mr. William L. Ogden to Miss Elizabeth A. Leake.

At Washington City, Gabriel Winter, esq. to Miss Sarah Ann Peyton, daughter of F. Peyton, esq. of Alexandria.

At Penfield, New York, Mr. Archibald Starks, aged 17 and weighing 90 pounds, to Miss Rhoda Howel, aged 13 and weighing 110 pounds!—together a round 200!

At Paris, the count d'Ormond to mademoiselle d'Estilleres, the richest heiress in all France.

DIED, on Saturday last, Mrs. Rachel Way, aged 70, consort of Andrew Way, senr.

On Sunday last, Sarah Donnell, æt. 53, wife of Mr. Nathaniel Dongell.

On Monday last, Davis Bevan, esq. aged 80.

Last Tuesday, Mrs. Catharine Richards, consort of Augustine G. Richards.

On the 17th ult. Dr. Josiah Lusby, aged 60.

On the 18th ult. Mary Bartram, aged 82, widow of the late Isaac Bartram.

LATEST FASHIONS.

PARISIAN WALKING DRESS.—Round dress of cambric, trimmed round the border with a flounce of broad lace under a pelise of fawn colored merino cloth, fastened down the front with polished steel buttons, and Brandenbourgs of black silk with tassels. Triple Cornick cape, edged with brocaded ribbon, the color of the pelise. Ruff of fine clear muslin elegantly scalloped. Grass green bonnet of shag silk, with a plume of white and green feathers; the bonnet lined with white, and turned up in front. Teacolored slippers and gloves, with pearl colored silk stockings.

ENGLISH EVENING DRESS.—Hessian robe of white satin, with demi train, ornamented round the border with an elegant trimming of rose colored satin flounces; the side of the robe finished in a similar manner, and fastened down the front with rose colored Brandenbourgs, finished by rich tassels, sleeves very short. *Toque* of white satin, with a full plume of white ostrich feathers. Necklace of oriental pearl fastened in front by a superb knot of the same, with tassels. Amulets of black velvet, clasped in the pearl medallions. White satin shoes and white kid gloves. At evening visits, a Cashmere shawl is thrown over this dress. Young ladies ornament their hair chiefly with half garlands of flowers; those of the pink double hyacinth, with rows of beads forming the bandeau front, or a full wreath of pomegranate blossoms, are likely to be most in favor. The favorite colors are Hessian green, Venetian blue, and fawn color.

THE "OLD BACHELOR" TO "MATILDA."

Amiable Miss.—Aware that you are desirous to hear from me as soon as possible, and anxious myself to communicate to you my conversation with *Theodore*, I hasten to lay before you the following letter received from him last week, in answer to my enquiries:

'To the 'Old Bachelor.'

'Sir—With feelings of gratitude and esteem, I embrace the opportunity which presents itself of answering your enquiry relative to my conduct towards the 'heartbroken' *Matilda*. I frankly confess, (as you have done) that I have treated *Matilda* rather rudely; not because I have forsaken her, for that is a privilege we *men* inherit by nature, but because I have not sufficiently explained my conduct, and made her acquainted with the

reasons. I *once* loved *Matilda* as I did myself, but that time, alas! has passed by, and another has taken possession of my heart. To you, sir, I can make free to state, that as *wealth* appears to be the sole motive of courtship and marriage, now-a-days, I was anxious myself to have a grasp of some *weighty materials*, whereby I might be enabled to live *independent*, as the saying is, the remainder of my days.

Matilda was reported to be *wealthy*—I wooed her long, but no prospect of receiving any benefit from my wooing ever presented itself. Why, then, I ask you, as a reasonable, rational creature, should I continue to esteem her when she possessed no one attractive power? Can poverty be happy connected with poverty? No! you will at once answer—but wealth and poverty appear to be destined for each other. Why then, I appeal to you, should I continue to beseech her hand and heart, when nothing but *rags and poverty* are likely to result from our union.

To be brief, sir, I am sorry *Matilda* does not possess a *fortune*; I could then feel a predilection for her, which no consideration but *money* could induce me to cherish.

I have the honor to be, sir, your's, not *Matilda's* friend,
THEODORE GRUBBINS.'

You will perceive, my dear girl, by the above note, that you and *Theodore* are two—that he is determined to adhere to nothing but *money*; and I am extremely sorry to perceive that he has so far deserted principle and honesty, as to suffer so *weak*, yet, correctly speaking, *heavy* consideration to bias him.

Altho I entertain a very excellent opinion for *Theodore*, I can never agree that he justifies his treatment towards you by any of his *epistolary arguments*, and sincerely hope that the hour is not far distant when he will become sensible of his error, and render you that justice which I conceive you merit.

OLD BACHELOR.

Doylestown D.

A RIDDLE.

What is that every body feels, nobody sees, is born in a strange country, travels to a strange country, yet dwells every where, is sometimes hot and sometimes cold, was from the beginning and will continue to the end, which is sometimes a cause of health and sometimes a cause of sickness, and without which no woman can live?

(A Solution requested.)

DUTY OF HUSBANDS.

How often men array texts of scripture in defence of their superiority and to corroborate their sovereignty, without once thinking that the same divine oracle enjoins on them at the same time an equal obligation to use the greatest tenderness and respect for their wives.—See the 5th chapter of Ephesians.

“Men ought to love their wives as their own bodies;—they two shall be one flesh;—he that loveth his wife loveth himself;—let every one love his wife even as himself;—she is thy companion;—let none deal treacherously against the wife of his youth.”

The greatest possible degree of affection is here enjoined. It is made a christian duty. But is it possible that man, endowed by his creator with a mind “made in the image of God;” formed with kind and humane affections; possessing noble and brave qualities of soul; can need a command from heaven requiring the tenderness which brute animals instinctively feel for their delicate and dependent mates? Let the savage lord it over the female sex; but heaven forbid that civilised, christian man should so outrage humanity and debase ‘the divinity that stirs within him.’

The term ‘love’ is very comprehensive, including *tenderness, sympathy, respect and esteem*. Every person who has felt an attachment for another, knows something of the meaning of the sentiment. Husbands! the affections you felt *as lovers* is the best definition of the term; and you are commanded to possess the same love for your wives. It shall be my endeavor to point out, in several particulars, the ‘love’ you should bear towards the wife of your choice.

1st. *You ought to avoid INFIDELITY to her.*—

This is a heinous crime from which love and religion revolt. It is the blackest on the conjugal list. To treat with reproach and contumely the woman you have solemnly promised to love and cherish, marks a brutal character; but to insult and forsake one whose happiness depends on your being faithful to her, is monstrous ingratitude and perfidy.

2d. *You should be AFFECTIONATE toward her.* A careless and indifferent husband is a common sight. Possession too often creates satiety. Let this inattentive husband reflect that his countenance, like the sun, can shed beams which warm and delight the heart of his wife, or like the lightning can blast and terrify the fearful beholder. Remember, the wife of your bosom has a right to expect unwearied kindness from you; she lives upon your affection.

3d. *Much of your SOCIETY is due to your wife.* How hard is it for a female, who was courted with so much assiduity, whose company was so eagerly sought and enjoyed, for whose converse every pleasure, pursuit, and person was forsaken, to see her husband, the partner of her life, impatient to escape from the domestic circle, lounging in the streets, spending the long evenings with his clubs, at taverns, or other public places of amusement, while she is silently sitting at the fire-side solitary and forsaken.

4th. *You should be the COMPANION of your wife in your recreations and amusements.*

Depraved must be the taste of that husband who can prefer the society of all others, in preference to his wife’s, in the rational pleasures of life. What delight in imparting to a beloved friend the satisfaction arising from enjoyment; in sharing with her the emotions you feel; or being in truth partners in your amusements abroad as well as at home.

5th. *You owe it to your wife to be temperate, frugal, industrious, upright, respectable and religious.*

These are the good qualities which ennoble man. The honors and distinctions you receive from your fellow-men are worthless compared with them. The man who is feared or hated in his own dwelling has no claims to consideration in public, and however flattered or extolled he may be, his conscience must bear him witness that he is despicable in his own eyes.

Boston I.

PHOEBE.

[By our Letter-Box.]

THE MIRROR OF REAL LIFE.

“To reform the faulty, and give an innocent amusement to those who are not so.”

By an association of Female Spies.

PICTURE FOURTH.

DOMESTIC ALTERCATIONS!

It has been said that *men of sense* are above *TRIFLES*. Whether this be so or not, we cannot determine, because we never yet could meet with a definition of that equivocal character, a *man of sense*. We hear of men of *great sense*, men of *good sense*, men of *common sense*, and men who have *every sense but common sense*! To be fretful about trifles, however, appears to us to be a proof that men have no title to be ranked as *men of any sense*; as it shews that they are destitute of proper reflection, as well as every spark of that christian charity which teaches us to bear and to forbear with each other’s frailties. Those who are commonly called *men of sense*, too often think that a

just conduct in one instance, permits them to act like fools in every other. Hence, we have a *man of sense* abroad, who is an *absurd tyrant* at home! hence too we have men who in their counting-houses give every proof of sense which their business requires, yet when they come to their family seem very careful to conceal that they have *any sense at all!* A man may be a *man of sense* in polite circles, and even in trade; and yet spend half his time in taverns, get drunk every other night, abuse his wife, and next day—*be a man of sense again!*

MR. TEAZEM is a *man of sense*, as times go! that is, he entertains his friends, is excellent company, has always a great deal to say on every subject, besides a vast fund of small talk, and is a "perpetual joker." But nothing can exceed the violence of his passion, if the punch-water has not boiled at the moment wanted! if his barber be not as true to his hour as the dial is to the sun! or if his cravat be not folded up in the identical manner he showed the maid! He once knocked his son down for cutting the loaf awry! and his daughter, in filling a cup of tea, having thoughtlessly poured it over into the saucer, had reason to repent her *crime* for weeks ensuing! The absence of a pair of boots from their proper place, or even a dishcloth from the nail on which he said it should hang (a proper subject for a *man of sense* to trouble himself with), is a crime equal, in his opinion, to murder of the first degree! Perhaps a development of the perfidy of his most intimate friend, could not irritate him more than he appeared to be one night when by mere accident his wife snufft out the candle, while he was forming an anagram!

How *any man of sense* can so suffer himself to be teased out of his own peace and happiness, by such insignificant frailties, natural to all, particularly to youth, seems to us, *weak women*, most unaccountable. The *real* miseries and crimes of human nature, are more than sufficient to alloy our happiness, without the addition of magnifying faults to errors, and foibles to the highest misdemeanors: from which perhaps *no man of sense* at all times is entirely free.

MR. HARD-TO-PLEASE engaged in a very obstinate quarrel with his wife, because he found a hair in the bottom crust of a *pye*. In the days of philosophy, or famine, this would have been overlooked: but times are altered: with some men, who are ever palliating their own errors with the excuse of natural frailties, *wives* and *servants* are expected to be *infallible!!!* The mistakes of cookery, and indeed the whole of housewifery, often now take the place of the doctrine of christian charity.

Mrs. H. complained that he was always finding fault, and said angrily, that he "might send his dog after the hare!" which was indeed a silly pun. Mr. Hard-to-please, who, as a *man of sense*, ought to have borne a little with his wife's infirmities, wished her and her "hair-pye" to the devil! The quarrel continued until the servant announced the carriage ready, which had been previously ordered, to convey them to the Theatre.

Some *men of sense* think no one under their control, can be excusable for any accident which may occur—they *very charitably* set every thing of the kind down as wilful carelessness and neglect! tho they themselves when committing the least fault or oversight in *their* business, have often been heard to hold forth very audably and eloquently on the fallibility of *mankind!* To *such men of sense*, we tender our sincere thanks for their *high sense* of our transcendant perfections!

MR. PEEVISH married for love, as he thought and as his wife thought; yet it came to pass, before either thought of dying! that he wanted muffins at his tea....the muffins appeared, but as ill-luck would have it, in order to get them and his tea ready at the appointed hour, his wife had only toasted them on one side. He told her, that she never did any thing to please him!—a strange inference from the doughy side of a piece of bread! She remained silent—he proceeded. She proposed toast—toast was made. He swore it was hard and dry, burnt to a cinder, and had an hundred faults beside. She thought herself ill-treated. (And justly too.) What was the consequence? Separate beds, and *mum* for a fortnight.

What a deplorable circumstance, that a *man of sense*, who marries for love, should have so little command of his temper, as to be irritated by a muffin, and made miserable by a toast!

MR. TINDER, dining one day on veal, of his own purchasing, remarked how fine and tender it was. His wife, rather too hastily perhaps, knowing his temper, said it was "tough enough!" He replied in a heat,....for he would forego his belief in the XXXIX Articles, and the Apostles' Creed into the bargain, rather than acknowledge himself mistaken or ignorant of *any* thing: and, as a *man of sense*, contradicts *all* that is asserted; and therefore must know, or pretend to know, *every thing* better than any one else. But the fact is, he never knew much of the *bottom* of knowledge; and has now partly forgotten all he ever did know of the *surfaces* he skimmed in his youth. But this is a digression. Critics! you know, this is an established privilege of women! To proceed

Mrs. Tinder made answer (for she well knew his age, and consequent retrograde knowledge!) that he no longer knew tough from tender! This was enough. He never gave up points of *such importance!* and would not set at the same table with his wife at dinner, tho he did at breakfast and supper, for two weeks thereafter.

There, reader, was a *man of sense!* because the altercation was at dinner, he would not for a fortnight dine with his wife, tho daily breakfast and sup with her as usual.

MR. BELLOW-SCOLD, when about to tap a bottle of porter, could not find the corkscrew. The servant must have misplaced it. High words on negligence, with a volley of abusive epithets on trembling Jack, to make him, no doubt, *respect* his master as a *man of sense!* Jack never did any thing right!...never did any thing at all!...was good for nothing! God knows, the poor fellow had enough to do, enough to think of,...and no wonder he could not think of putting the corkscrew in its right place on clearing the last dinner-table, for little George, Mr. B.'s son, had carried it up stairs before he was called in to remove the cloth! However, the whole might have soon blown over, had not the cheese been forgotten: there was none in the house: Mrs. B. *certainly* knew there was none, and ought to have *thought of it!* She mildly declared that she could not always think of every thing. But *the husband! her comforter! her protector!* would listen to no excuse for such an unpardonable neglect of *her duty*; and, to shew her an example, by fulfilling *his*, took his hat, and hurried out of the house, slamming the door after him with all the vengeance of.....a *man of sense!*

Destructive as such trifles are to the peace of families, they must not be imputed to the worst of causes—a bad heart; but rather in fact, to a weak head. And from such *heads* may heaven preserve our sex! * * *

N.B.—Reader, if we have not yet produced your likeness, we may still improve in the art.

[By way of inuendo, we would advise the "Association" (notwithstanding their bold introduction,) not to deal *quite so largely* in the literary wares of others! The present Number, reminds us of many a "poem with notes," in which the original subject bears no proportion to the explanatory quotations.—EDITOR.]

BERNE MONUMENT.

Truly sublime and elegant!—There is a monument at Berne to the memory of a most beautiful woman who died in child-bed. It represents her at the moment of the Resurrection: a kind of grove is sunk, in which is a large stone, broken, and so

contrived, that the young wife appears rising from her coffin, holding her child in one hand, and pushing away the stone with the other. The Epitaph, which she is supposed to speak, is worthy of the sublime design of the tomb:

"I hear the trumpet! it penetrates to the depth of the tombs! Awake, child of anguish! the Savior of the world calls us! the empire of death is ended, and an immortal palm will crown innocence and virtue! Behold me, Lord, with the infant thou gavest me!"

(Presented by a Lady.)

MANUSCRIPT PORT-FOLIO.

No. IV.

A BROTHER'S ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF HIS SISTER.

Heard ye the bell from yonder dusky tow'r,
Deep, deep, it tolls the summons of the dead,
And marks, with sullen note, the solemn hour
That calls MARIA to her earthly bed.

Oh, come ye mournful, virgin train, attend,
With musing steps the hallowed place draw near;
View there your once loved, happy, blooming friend,
Now silent, slumbering on the sable bier.

Come ye, who join'd in friendship's sacred tie,
With her engaged in pleasure's guiltless scene;
Who shared with her the tender social joy,
Wove the gay dance, or trod the flowery green!

Mark, here! oh! mark, how changed, how alter'd lies
The breast that once with youth's warm tide beat high!
Read your own fate in her's—in time be wise,
And from her bright example learn to die.

Like drooping lilies, cropt by wintry wind,
For fate has doom'd the hour when die we must,
Must leave the world's fantastic dreams behind,
And sleep and mingle with our parent dust.

Say are your forms with youth's soft graces drest,
Say are they tinged with beauty's brightest bloom?
So once was her's—by you, by all, confest—
Till Death untimely swept her to the tomb!

Her eyes bright beam! how innocent, how meek!
At whose rebuke, Vice shrunk abasht and pale;
Like vernal roses blusht her modest cheek,
Like them as lovely—and like them as frail!

How was she skill'd the softest breast to move,
Of hardest hearts the passions rough to bend;
How was she skill'd to win the general love,
How form'd to bless the husband and the friend.

With meek-soul'd charity, with pitying hands,
To misery oft her little store she gave:
Now she herself, our flowing tears demands,
And bids our pious drops bedew her grave.

There on her dusky couch, in blest repose,
Deaf to our call, the clay-cold slumberer lies;
Her beauty faded like the stricken rose,
Mute her sweet tongue and closed her radiant eyes.

Full many an hour of agonising pain,
The patient sufferer bore her lot severe;
Well did the anguish of her soul restrain,
Nor dropt one female, one repining tear.

Mid life's last pangs, Religion lent her aid,
And wiped, with lenient hand, her misty eyes;
With blest assurance cheer'd the pain-worn maid,
And bade her hopes, high soaring, reach the skies!

There, now enroll'd with heavenly angels bright,
Whose hallow'd hymns their Maker's glories raise;
She shines refulgent in the blaze of light,
And swells with raptured voice the notes of praise.

Look down, blest saint! oh, turn a pitying eye,
If yet in heaven a brother's name be dear,
In the dread hour of danger be thou nigh,
And lead me far from vice's baneful snare:

Teach me, whate'er my future lot may be,
To God's just will my being to resign;
Teach me to sail thro' life's tempestuous sea,
And like thy latest parting hour be mine.

A BROTHER.

[By our Letter-Box.]

WRITTEN FOR MISS C. M. B.

That you have pleasure sparkling eyes,
None that is blest with sight denies;
Ambrosial sweets your ruby lips distill,
The rose's bloom adorns your velvet cheek,
And honied accents drop whene'er you speak,
Which every heart with love and reverence fill.

Your nut-brown locks in easy ringlets flow,
Over a graceful neck which rivals snow;
Your pearly teeth, unequall'd, stand so fair,
Beauty's bright goddess hides asham'd her head,
With you, O nymph, to be compared, afraid!
Then *who* with you, sweet maid, compare?

Ah! how can I then paint the grace
That beams from your angelic face;
Or how that lovely, lily bosom paint?
As well might I the joys of heaven declare,
Describe the worlds which hang around in air,
Whirling in endless space without restraint.

And when I contemplate thy perfect mind,
Wisdom's and virtue's treasures there I find;
Judgment, affection, constancy, and truth;
You move a phoenix in this world below,
The cause of happiness where'er you go,
Wonder of age, the pride and boast of youth.

W.E.H.

ACROSTIC.

Like thought, thy wonderous nature's unexplor'd,
In thee resides the Great First Cause adored:
Good are thy beams, to all the world how dear,
How needful too, thou source of vision clear!
Thou paint'st the flowery tribes, and crown'st with
joy the year.

W.E.H.

[The three Enigmas in No. 8, over this signature,
are Acrostics.]

Answer to the Enigma in our last No.

Take E and I first, that arrangement is clear,
Then let V or five thus intervene,—E V I
Let D stand in front, and L bring up the rear,
And we find tis the DEVIL you mean.

TO HAPPINESS.

O, dazzling phantom, evanescent shade!
Long have I sought thee thro' a world of care;
As I approacht, thy gaudy colors fled,
And left me to the darkness of despair.

Weak were my efforts, dim my mental sight
That view'd thee bounded by a mortal's span;
For now I trace thee in thy glittering flight,
In regions far beyond the gaze of man.

It is Religion's pure and holy ray
Which brings thee to my lonely, aching breast;
And here, Celestial, with me ever stay,
And lead to realms of everlasting rest.

National M.

MARIA.

LOVE.—Translated from the French.

How fleeting are thy pleasures, Love!
Oh, never made to last!
But ah! the pains thy vot'ries prove,
In death are only past.

The world I gave, and every joy,
For SYLVIA, faithless fair!
But she has left her hapless boy
Opprest with grief and care.

'While this clear stream (she pledg'd her truth)
Creeps on to kiss the grove,
So long I'll prize my tender youth,
And give him all my love.'

But, ah! the stream creeps thro' the mead,
While she has broke her vow!
The sweets of love how swift they speed,
The pains, alas! how slow! (FLORIAN.)

WILLIAM AND JULIA.

WM.—Tell me, JULIA, why those tresses
Are unbound and hang neglected;
Why that look of melancholy,
Have I ever been suspected?

JUL.—William, no, I ne'er suspect thee,
Your esteem I yet can boast;
Would you know what doth perplex me?
You must know what I have lost.

WM.—What is that, say, fairest Julia,
That provokes thy falling tears?
Can no friendly aid suppress them?

JUL.—Not till what I've lost appears!

WM.—Let me know that loss, fair mourner,
That my tears with your's may mingle.

JUL.—Why, William, stepping from the garden,
On my way, I lost my.....thimble!

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